## WHEN IT WAS DARK.

## The Story of a Great Conspiracy by Guy Thorne.

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CHAPTEA VIII.—Continued:

s few more minutes they had pass ed the breakwater and were gliding slowly past the wharves towards the landing-stage.

Suddenly Helena clutched hold of Ba

sil's arm.
"O Basil," she whisppered, "how beau-tiful-look! Guarding the lary sur!" He turned and followed the direction

An enormous crucifix, more than life e, planted in the ground, rose from low cliffs on the right for all enter-

the horbour to see, hey watched the symbol in silence the passengers chattered on every and gathered up their rugs and

nominal believer has no conception. letter he had once written to Hel-during a holiday compressed all his if, and his joy in his belief, into a w short lines. Thus had run the ere and simple statement, unadorned any effort of literary grace to give our and force:—

on saying my prayers for you, and with you, in fresh faith and confidence.

You know that I absolutely trust the Lord Jesus Christ, who is, I believe, the God who made the worlds, and that I pray to Him continually, relying on His promises.

promises.
"I keep on reading all sides of the question, as your father does also, and while admitting all that honest criticism and sincere intellectual doubt can teach me, and freely conceding that there is no infallible record in the New Testament Legam topes and more convinced that the Gospels and Paul's letters relate facts and not imaginations or hallucinations. And the more strongly my intellect is convinced so much more does my heart delight in love of God, who has given Himself for me. How magnificent is that finale of St John's Gospel! Thomas saith unto Him, My Lord and My God.' And, then, how exquisite is the supplement about the manifestation at the lake side! Imagine the skill of the literary man who invented that! Fancy such a man existing in A. D. 150 or thereabouts!

d to see it through the customs, three others resolved to walk to ms which they had taken in the rg de la Barre, on the steep hill

of letting her rooms to English people.

A late dejeuner was ready for them.

The omelette was a revelation to Helena, and the rognons sautes filled her with respect for such cooking, but she was impatient, nevertheless, to be out and sightseeing.

The vices was three and proposed to vicar was tired and proposed to

indoors with the Spectator, and ce had some letters to write, so Basil

and Helena went out alone.
"The vicar and I will meet you at 6,"
Spence said, "at the Cafe des Tribuneaux, that big place with the gabled root,
in the center of the town. At 6 the
linear verre begins, the time when everyone goes out for an aperitif, the appe-tizer before dinner; afterwards I'll take

ther before dinner; afterwards I'll take you to dine at the Pannier d'Orr. a jolly little restaurant I know of, and in the evening we'll go to the Casino."

Madame Varnier, the patronne, was in her kitchen sitting-room at the bottom of the stairs, and they looked in through the hatchway as they passed to tell her that they were not dining indoors.

On the floor a little girl with pale yelow hair, an engaging button of three, was playing with a live rabbit, plump and mouse-colored.

"How sweet!" said Helens, who was in "How sweet!" said Helens, who was in

"How sweet!" said Helena, who was in a mood which made her ready to appre-clate everything. "Look at the little dar-ling with its pet. Has baby had the rab-bit long, Madame Varnier?"

The Frenchwoman smiled lavishly.

The Frenchwoman smiled lavishly.

Est-elle gentille l'enfanti hein!. I bring
the lapin chez moi from the magazin
yesterday. There was very good lapins
yesterday. I buy when I can. Je trouveral ca plus prudent. He is for the veral ca plus prudent. He is for dejeuner of mademoiselle to-morrow. '-she caught up the animal

take him so"—she caught up the animal and suited the action to the word—"I press his throat till his mouth open, and I pour a little cognac into him, Il se meurt, and the flesh have a delicious flavor from the cognac!"

"How perfectly horrible!" said Helena as they came out into the street and walked down the hill. "Fancy seeing one's lunch alive and playing about like that, and then killing it with brandy, too! What pigs these French people are!"

pleasure in the grey and counts uplifted of St. Jacques. Here the eye was uplifted by more noble lines, there was a more

mediaeval and romantic feeling about the place.

"We will come here to mass on Sunday," said Basil. "I shall not go to the English Church at all. I never do abroad, and the vicar agrees with me. You see one belongs to the Catholic Church in England. In France one belongs to the Catholic Church in English Church, as they too. The Protestant' Church, as they call it, with an English clergyman, is, of course, a Dissenting Church here."

"I see your point," said Helena, "though I don't know that I quite agree with it. But I have never been to a Roman Catholic Church in England, and I want to see some of the services. Bowing down in the House of Rimmon, Mr. Philemon would call it at Walktown."

They visual day to make the place of the Plage—Quinhus Flestrin, the mountain of fiesh, you remember would call it at Walktown."

They visual day to make the place of the Plage—Quinhus Flestrin, the mountain of fiesh, you remember the place of the Plage—Quinhus Flestrin, the mountain of fiesh, you remember the place of the Plage—Quinhus Flestrin, the mountain of fiesh, you remember the place of the Plage—Rich Place of the Plage of the Place of the Plage of the Place of the Plage of the Plage

Plage. There were a good many people walking up and down the great promenade from the Casino to the harbor mouth. An air of fulness and prosperity floated round the magnificent hotels

which faced the sea.

It was a spring season, owing to the unusual mildness of the weather, and Dieppe was full of people. The Casino was opened temporarily after the long sleep of the winter, and a company was performing there, having come on from the theatre at Rouen,

"What a curious change from the churches and market place," said Helena, "This is tremendously smart and fashionable. How well-dressed every one is, Look at that red-haired woman with the furs. This is being quite in the world again."

They began a steady walk towards the

again."

They began a steady walk towards the pler and lighthouse. The wind was fresh, though, not troublesome, and at five o'clock, the sun, low in the sky, was still bright, and could give his animation to the picture.

The two young people amused themselves by speculations about the varied types of people who passed and repassed them. Gortre wore a suit of very dark gray, with a short coat and an ordinary tweed cap—his holiday suit, he called it—and, except for his clerical collar, there

and, except for his cierical collar, there was little to show his calling. He was pleased, with a humorous sense of propletorship, a kind of vicarious vanity, to notice the attention and admiration excited by the beautiful English girl at Helena Byars held her own among the

Helena Byars held her own among the cosmopolitan crowd of women who walked on the Plage. Her beauty was Saxon, very English, and not of a type that is always appreciated to its full value on the Continent, but it shone the more from Latin contrasts, and could not escape remark.

Every now and again they turned, at distances of a quarter of a mile or so, and during the recurrence of their beat they began to notice a person whom they met several times, coming and going.

He was an enormously big man, broad and tall, dressed expensively and with care. His size alone was sufficient to mark him out of the usual, but his personality seemed to them no less arresting and strange.

His large, smooth face with eyes small and brilliant heavy pouches under them. heavy pouches under them. His whole manner was a trifle florid and

By this time dusk was falling, and the

by this time dusk was falling, and the sea mounci with a certain melancholy. But the town began to be brilliant with electric lights, and the florid Moorish building of the Casino was jeweled every-where.

where.
They turned away to the left, leaving the sea behind them, and, passing through a narrow street by the government to-bacco factory, came into the town again, and, after a short walk, to the cafe.
The place was bright and animated—lights, mirrors and gilding, the stir and movement of the pavement, combined to make a novel and attractive picture for the English girl. The night was not cold. round table watching the merry groups with interest. In a few minutes after their

The journalist took them under his wing at once. It amused him to be a cicerone to help them to a feeling of being at home. Gortre and Mr. Byars had been in Switzerland, and the latter at Rome on one occasion, but under the wing of a bishop's son, who made his livelihood bishop's son, who made his livelihood out of personally conducting parties to Continental towns of interest for a fixed fee. There was little freedom in these cut-and-dried tours, with their lectures en route and the very dinners in the hotel ordered for the tourists, and everythere thing so arranged that they need not speak a word of any foreign language.

speak a word of any foreign language.
For the vicar, Spence prescribed a vermouth sec; Gortre, a courtesy invalid, was given a minute glass of an amber-colored liquid with quinine in it—"Dubonnet" Spence called it; and Helona had a sirop of menthe.
They were all very happy together in the simple-minded, almost childish way of quiet, intellectual people, Their enjoyment of the novel liqueurs, in a small cafe at

mple-minded, almost childish of quiet, intellectual people, enjoyment of the novel in a small cafe as iliqueurs, in a small cafe at tourist-haunted Dieppe, was as great as that of any sybarite at the Hotel Ritz, in Paris, or at a rare dinner at Ciro's, in Monte Carlo.

Spence ordered an absinthe for himself

our friend of the Plage—Quinbus Fles-trin, the mountain of flesh, you remember your Swift?"

The big stranger, now in evening dress and a hear fur coat, had just come into the cafe — I was sitting there with a the journal in his massive fingers and the set expression of abstraction which lin-gered in his eyes and spread a veil over his countenance.

mation, and looked towards the other side of the cafe, where the man was sitting. "Why, that's Sir Robert Liewellyn!"

said Spence.

The vicar looked up eagerly, "The great authority on the antiquities of the Holy Land?" he said.

"Yes, that's the man. They knighted him the other day. He's supposed to be

the greatest living authority, you know." Do you know him, then?" asked the

"Do you know him, then?" asked the vicar.

"Oh, yes," said Spence, carelessly.
"One knows every one in my trade; I have to. I've often gone to him for information when anything very special has been discovered. And I have methin in clubs and lecture as at first. nights at the theatre. He is a great play-

"If yo over and speak to him."
"If he'll come over," said the vicar, his eyes alight with anticipation and the

on the subjects nearest his own heart "bring him, please. There is nothing should like better than a chat with him

They watched Spence go across to Sir Robert's table. The big man started as he was spoken to, looked up in surprise, then smiled with pleasure and extended a welcoming hand. Spence sat down beside him, and they were soon in the middle of a brisk conversation.

"The poor man looked year borned metil."

vicar, with manifest pleasure. "Are you going to be away from England for

eum for a year," said the professor. "My doctor says that I require absolute rest. I am en route for Marseilles and from there to Alexandria."

little place, and the unner was excellent. The professor surprised and then amuse, the others by his criticism of the viands. He made the dinner his especial business, sent for the cook and had a scale of the cook and had a sc

vines with extreme care. His knowledge of the culinary art was enormous, and he treated it with a kind of reverence, addressing himself more particularly to Helena.

research.

But with the special coffee-covered with fine yellow foam and sweetened with crystals of amber sugar-the vicar's hour came. Sir Robert realized that it was inevitable and with a half sigh gave the resulted complex. the required opening.

Once started, his manner changed utter-

Once started, his manner changed utter, by The mask of materialism peeled away from his face, which became younger, brighter, as thought animated it, and new, finer lines came out upon it as knowledge poured from him.

The conversation threatened to be a long one. Spence saw that and proposed to go on to the Casino with Helena, leoving the two clergymen with Liwellyn. It was when they had gone that the trio settled down completely.

It resolved itself as frist into a dis-

was when they had gone that the trio settled down completely."

It resolved itself at frist into a dialogue between the two elder men. Gortre s knowledge was too general and superficial on these purely antiquarian matters to allow him to take much part in it. He sat sipping his coffee and listening with keen attention and great enjoyment to this talk of experts. He had not liked Liwellyn from the first and could not do so even now, but he was forced to recognize the chormous intellectual activity and power of the big, purring creature before him.

Step by step the two archaeologists went over the new discoveries being male in the ground between the City Wall of Jerusalem and the Hill of "Jeremiah's Grotto." They talked of the blue and purple mosaics found on the Mount of Olives, of all that had been done by the English and German expensions of the second of the count of the count of the mount of olives, of all that had been done by the English and German expensions of the count of olives, of all that had been done by the English and German expensions.

purple mesales found on the Mount of Olives, of all that had been done by the English and German excavators dur-ing the past years. Gradually the discussion became more intimate and began to touch on great

issues.

Mr. Byars was in a state of extraordinary interest. His knowledge was
wide, and Liwellyn early realized
this speaking to him as an equal, but
beside the professor's all-embracing
achievements it was as nothing. The
clergyman learn something fresh, some
sudden illuminating point of ylew some sudden illuminating point of view, some irradiating fact, at every moment. "I suppose," Mr. Byars, said at length, "that the true situation of the Holy Sepulchre is gill a matter of considerable doubt, Professor, Your view would in-

terest me extremely."

"My view," said Liwellyn, with remarkable earnestness, and with an emphais which left no doubt about his convictions, "is that the Sepulcire has not yet been located."

"And your view is authoritative of spence?" he said, shrinking a little from the glass when the waiter brought it. "I've heard terrible things of it."
"Oh, I know," said the journalist, course, said Mr. Byars."

The Prosessor bowed.

"That is as it may be," he said, "but I have no doubt upon the subject. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is quite out of the question, There is really no historical evidence for it beyond a foolish dream of the Empress Helena, in A. D. 223. The people who know dismiss the traditional site at once. Of course, it is generally believed, but one cannot expect the world at large to be cognisant of the doing of the authorities. Caron MacColl has said that the traditional site is the real one, and as his name has never been out of the public eye singe what were called "The Bulgarian Atrocities," they are content to follow his lead. Then there is the question of the second site, in which a great many people believe they have found the true Golgotha and Sepulchre. The Gordon Tomb,' as it has been called, excited a great deal of attention at the time of its discovery. You may remember that I went to Jerusalem on behalf of the Times

sor, with great deliberation and mean-ing-'I feel certain that we are on the eve of stupendous discoveries in this di-

monition of what his words might poss bly convey, neither could bring himselappear to invite it. During the whole of their talk he had sedulously avoided any religious questions. He had dealt solely with historical aspects. His position in the religious world was singular. His knowledge of Biblical his-

tory was one of its assets, but he was not known definitely as a believer.

His attitude had always been absolutely

to do without taking sides. It had become generally understood that no definite statement of his own personal

that Sir Robert Liwellyn was not a be-liever in the divinity of Christ; but it was merely an opinion, and had never been confirmed by him.

The Professor broke it.

e map which I published at the the agitation about Gordon's 'n n trace the course of the city you."

violently. He experienced a terribly miliar sensation—the sick fear and oulsion of the night before his illness

CONSTANTINE SCHUABE.

once more, the dark air was thick with wings-vague, and because of that

CHAPTER IX.

INAUGURATION.

It was at Victoria Station that Basil said good-by, to Helena, Spence had been back again in London for a fortnight. Mr. Byars and his daughtter were to go straight back to Manchester the same day, and Gortre was to take possession of his new quarters in Lincoln's Inn and enter on his duties at St. Mary's without delay.

Inn and enter on his duties at St. Mary's without delay.

It had been a pleasant holiday, they all agreed, as the train brought them up from Newhaven; how pleasant they had hardly realized till it was all over. They had been all brought more intimately together than ever before. Gortre had come to know Mr. Byars with far more completeness than had been possible during their busy parochial life ut Walktown. The elder man's calm and steadfast bellef, his wide knowledge and culture, the Christian sanity of his life.

wastown. The elder man's calm and siendfast belief, his wide knowledge and culture, the Christian sanity of his life, were never more manifest than in the uninterrupted communion of this time of rest and pleasure. He saw in his future father-in-law such a man as he himself humbly hoped that he might become. The impulsiveness of an eager youth had toned down into the mature judgment of middle age. The enthusiasms of life's springtime had solidified into quiet strengh and force, and faith and intellect had combined into a deep and immoval conviction. And Mr. Byur's was no simple, childlike nature to whom goodness and belief were easy, a natural attribute of the man. He was subtle rather, complex, and the victory to whom goodness and cener were easy, a natural attribute of the man. He was subtle rather, complex, and the victory over himself had cost him more than it costs most men. So much Gortre realized, and his love and admiration for the vicar were tempered with that joyous awe that one fine nature is privileged to feel at the contact with another. To Helena also this time of holiday had been very precious. To mark the fervour of her chosen one, the energy he threw into Life, Love, and Religion, to find him a man and yet a priest, to follow him in thought to the fvory gates of his Ideals—these were hen uplifting occupations; and to all these as they follow him in thought to the Ivory gate of his Ideals—these were her upliftin occupations; and to all these as the walked and talked, listened to the musia at the Casino, explored the ancient for est and castle at Arques, or knelt wit

(Continued next Sunday)

TALES OF THE TEXAS SHERIFF BY IRVING G. NORWOOD NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR USES REMIND HON. BILL SANGER OF JOURNALISTIC VENTURES IN ARNIM AND THE RESULTS.

"Is plumb valuable. But sometimes they print things which can't nowise be true, and then they print things which is true, but which ain't intended as such you they're plumb valuable anyway you

I hear there's one a-coning.

"We've got the outfit for a bang-up paper, all right, which is some rusty and battered, but otherwise good, but we ain't had nobody to run it since New York Switters.

says, swearing previous and sincere, 'For

"The mayor he gazed regretful and

"The mayor he gazed regretful and pathetic at the floor, where the lunger had spilled his liquor when he jumped, and he says, cold and reproving: "There ain't no call for strong language or excitement. The Arnim Weekly Conservative has just about come out, and I judge

by the signs that the personal column is some pointed and entertaining.

"The lunger didn't say nothing, only

for the mayor's glass of red-eye, which was removed sudden and pointed, and

writing loose and easy for the boys, even

writing loose and easy for the boys, even-when Randall went out sudden and un-expected in his office, having shed his hardware, casual, and unsuspecting, to ease his hip.

'Wm remembering, along of this talk about newspapers and such, when Baldy Wilson, which is the headquarters for

hardware and things, come back to town

one time and brought a lot of newspaper

to distribute, friendly and impartial. They

to distribute, friendly and impartial. They was mostly about the Republican convention round-up in Chicago, it having come off just previous, and I ain't never made up my mind since whether them papers was deceived or whether they just ited easy and uncaring. Anyway, we was sitting in Sam's place the next day reading them when Ilm Highs-the same wholes.

God's sake, what was that."

The Hon, Bit Sanger, sheriff of Arnim, replaced his glass on the bar and rolled a cigarette, "Newspapers," he remarked, gravely.

"Newspapers," he remarked, gravely. coffin-he was carrying so much lead

"The mayor tasted his liquor critical

take it.

"We ain't none literary and cultivated in these parts, except the mayor, which can handle a branding iron graceful and poetic, and we ain't got much chance to collect any information which may be wandering around admiess and unsettled. What we need all along is a newspaper, and I'll be right glad and jubilant when I hear there's one a-coning.

The part the outfit for a bang-up the first the town owned. You wasn't here then, which is indicated by wasn't here then, which is friends

man in these parts."

"'"Not me," says Jim, impressive and solemn, "you know me better than that."
"'"Because," says old man Jackson, smiling and polite, 'they say that talking too much makes some people idiloux. Why, it might make you sick, Jim! Just think of that! Why, Jim, you might even go pass out, sudden and unexpected.
"Well, Jim he lopes off and old man Jackson he catches up with the rest of the boys and talks to them all that way. There wasn't anybody working

way. There wasn't anybody working for him that spread news around general and promiseous after that, and everybody got along fine."
"Meaning which?" asks Hicks, plumb rude and disagreeable.
"Meaning," replies the mayor, slow and pointed that this here Borearells.

ing to schedule."
"Then Hicks he says he don't believe that Rogers, Roosevelt and Jackson ever performed as related, and that the

THE ARNIM WEEKLY CONSERVATIVE RESENTING A SOMEWHAT POINTED AND ENTERTAINING PERSONAL

prehensive when he got settled down to his work. Anyway, the boys didn't lope around after Rogers much, and one day around after Rogers much, and one day when he got them all in Sam's place and said he thought the town needed a mayor, and that he'd be it, they just naturally was rude and scornful.

"Rogers he didn't say nothing, nor argue none, but the next day he met one of the boys ambling along alone, and he says, handling his armament casual and linear! "Hill I want to talk to you filmean!" "Hill I want to talk to you

he'd rather see mayor than Rogers, and

"Then the mayor he looks solomn and allows it would kill time, swift and easy, and just then there come a couple of shots, almiess and disconnected, and then about a dozen more, mostly continuous. The lunger—the same being new and skittish—jumped about a foot, hasty and undignified, and when he comes down he says swearing previous and sincere. For "The mayor looks at Hicks, but Hicks was grinning, sarcastic, and amoying. And the mayor resumes, putient and loquedous, Says he, 'You all have heard of old man Jackson, which was a sure enough cow gentleman in his day, but which went out in bed gradual and unpleasant, before most of you drifted to these parts. Old man Jack-son was a whole lot married—the same him—there was eight or nine if I'm re-membering correct—was plumb edified and encouraged most every day by the way old man Jackson circled the corral when his wife was feeling like a little diversion wife was feeling like a little diversion. The old man dldn't seem to mind the boys knowing about these here little domestic ruffes, but when they got to talkeing to their friends free and entertaining about the way the old lady made him step to music, and how he dodged the was removed sudden and pointed, and when the boys brought in Jim Hicks, of the bar-circle ranch-him that the personal had been about—the lunger fainted clean away, and there was a lot of good red liquor sluteed around external and careless before he come to. And he didn't say anything after that about writing loss and any for the house area. coffee-pot and flap-jack pan, plumb regular and expert, he got real peevish and irritated. But he knew these here cow gentlemen which worked for him and he didn't put up any four flush which couldn't be played.

"'But a couple of days after he'd heard "But a couple of days after hed heard about the way the boys was talking, he meets one of them drifting along by himself, and he said to him playing with his hardware casual and absent-like: 'Jim, Mrs. J. is some temperous when she's feeling that way, ain't she?"

"Jim cleared his throat a couple of times and allowed he hadn't noticed it

times and allowed he hadn't noticed it himself, but had heard it said that she

nimself, but had heard it said that she might be a little bit inclined that way. ""'Pretty fine gift, don't you think so, Jim?" asks old man Jackson, pok-ing the muzzle of his Colt, easy and punctuating, against Jim's waistband. ""It sure is," says Jim, plumb enthusiastic and sincere. ... "I scamper around some playful and

amusing when she's on the warpath, though, don't I, Jim?" says old man Jackson, amiable and grinning.
"I sure nover noticed it," says Jim, earnest and convincing. sitting in Sam's place the next day reading, when Jim Hicks—the same which was fanned by Randall—jumps up and says, loud and racuous: 'I sin't going to read no more of that. I'm sure fond of a man which can stretch his tongue smooth and entertaining, but I ain't standing for no regular liar. That paper says this right Bossyell got the drop on about a

lican convention round-up-all of them being dead set against him-and made

mayor is a har. When filess gets out he says he's going to investigate the subject and report. Which is fine. In the meantims I'm remarking again that I'd be some glad and joyous if a newspaper would settle in these parts. It's plumb difficult to keep cultured this way."

(Copyright, 1906, by Irving C. Norwood.)

How Public Money is Squandered By Postoffice Department.

The entire volume of the public business of the country transmitted through the mail, including documents, correspondence, even heavy cases of freight, such as postal cards, postal supplies, writers, cancelling-machines, pr

at a loss of at least two million dollars a your.

The registry system would show a great loss if all proper charges against it could be duly debited.

Rural free delivery causes a net loss of more than fifteen millions annually. It is probably fair to assume that the rates of postage on third and fourth class matter (books, etc., at one cent for two ounces, and "merchandise" at one cent per ounce, as a whole, cover the actual cost of transmission and delivery, including their shane of general expense of administration.

ing their state of seaking to ministration.

This throws the burden of seeking to make a profit upon letter postage alone. In other words, the writers of letters are taxed for the benefit of the patrons of the losing ventures in the existing system. The taxes for insure the whole

Da Styleesha Lady

Latly you w'at, you oughta see Carlotta, dat's my girl, w'en she Ees feex' for how y. I guess You nevva see sooch styleeshness. She gatta yallow seelka skirt Ees look so fine you theenk ees wort' 'Hout twanty dollar, mebbe more, Eer you goin' buy eet een da store, So, too, she gatta purpla wais' Dat's troem' weeth pretta yellow lace, An' beega golda breasta-peen Ees steekin' ondraneat' her cheen, Eh? Walt, my frand! On toppa dat She gat da beega rodda hat An' beega golda breasta-pee heen.
Ees steeckin' ondraneat' her cheen.
Eh? Wait, my frand! On toppa dat
She gat da beega redda hat
Weeth coupla featha brighta green,
An' whita rosa est baytween.
Da redda, whita, green, you soe,
Ees lika flag of Italy!
Ha! w'at you theenka dat for style?
Ah! yes, my frand, eet mak' you smile;
You can eemagine, den, of me
How proud I smile w'en first I see,
You can believe how proud I feel
For walkin' out weeth her; but stoel
I gatta-w'at you call-"deestress"
Baycause for all dees styleeshness,
You see, w'en she oes look so eweet
I 'fraid for let her on da street,
I justa 'feela soare' dat som'
Reg reecha man ees gona com'
An' see how styleesh she can be,
An' see how styleesh she can be, steala her away from me.
-T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard.

She Looked Him Up.

""I sure never noticed it," says Jim, earnest and convincing.

""And I can dedge coffee pots and things plumb clever and artistic, can't I, Jim?" asks old man Jackson, poking Jim in the ribs, friendly and intimate, with his scent sprinkler.

""I ain't heard you ever tried," responds Jim, sweating free and continuous.

""And, of course," says old man placed in the ribs of the